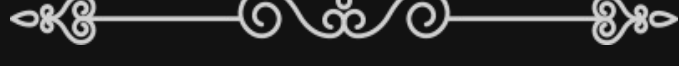


# Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband



The man was donning a black shirt with his sleeves rolled up to his forearms. With his hands tucked in the pockets of his slacks, he somehow appeared noble as if God had descended onto the mortal’s realms. Without even a hint of sympathy on his face, he strode toward Veronica. As he halted his steps, he raised his hand, to which Thomas, who was behind him, handed him the test results. Immediately, Matthew threw the results right onto Veronica’s face. *Whoosh!* A stack of paper hit her face and flew in the air before landing on the bed sheets. Annoyed, Veronica glared at Matthew and took a look at the test results, which obviously stated that she was positive with pregnancy. “Haha.” For some reason, she felt a numbing sensation in her head as her eyes reddened. She had gone through so much trouble to get close to the truth behind her foster parents’ accident, only for the private investigator to end up getting heavily assaulted and the negligent driver escaping to anonymity. She was pregnant, but the child would soon be aborted. *That’s just life, isn’t it? No matter how unfair it is, it’s just life, right?* “What are you laughing at?” Disaffected, Matthew scowled. She then sniffled and concealed the agony she was going through before smilingly tossing the test results on the table. She then took a look at her watch. “It’s 1PM. Arrange the surgery now. That way, my night shift won’t get affected.” Matthew squinted his eyes. He assumed Veronica would beg to keep the child, but her reaction was totally out of his expectation. However, the man hadn’t the slightest hesitation. “Thomas, notify the doctors to prepare the surgery.” Having said that, he turned around and exited the ward. He didn’t say a thing more, as if the hatred he had for her was flowing in his blood. Shortly after, a nurse came in and transferred Veronica to the operating room. While Veronica was still stunned, she got up and walked into the operating room, where two gynecologists were present. Looking at the apparatuses and devices placed beside the operating table, she could already feel the incoming pain. Subconsciously, she touched her abdomen as she felt the reluctance in her heart. If the child wasn’t Matthew’s, she would have kept it for sure. Unfortunately, Matthew wouldn’t keep it. “Well, get on!” the female doctor in a white coat and a mask icily commanded. Stupefied by her attitude, Veronica turned around to look outside the operating room, but Matthew was nowhere to be found. *Isn’t he just so lovable?* A lifeform had just come into existence within her, but he couldn’t care less to ruin what could have been an actual human being. In that instant, her desire for power grew stronger. Only with power could she protect the one she loved, unlike now, where she was constantly oppressed by enemies without the capability to resist. As she lay on the operating table, the doctor injected her. Soon, she fell unconscious. At that moment, Matthew came to the outside of the operating room. Seeing his arrival, the doctors quickly went up to him. “She did not resist and has now fallen asleep, Young Master Matthew.” They implied that Veronica was willing to undergo the surgery. “Give her the prepared ‘medicines’ when she wakes up. You know what to do next.” When Matthew mentioned “medicines,” he merely meant anti-abortifacients. “Yes, Young Master Matthew.” The doctors nodded. Matthew then took an icy, deep glance at Veronica before turning around to leave. Behind him was Thomas, who was clearly confused. “Young Master Matthew, since you’re keeping the child, why don’t you want her to know about it?” “If such an insatiable woman like her knows that I’m keeping the baby, she would only ask for more. So instead, I decided to hide it from her.” Despite saying that, Matthew was only testing Veronica to see whether she would keep her word and submit to the abortion after finding out she was pregnant. Nevertheless, he was ultimately proven wrong. “But she’s bound to have morning sickness. She’ll eventually know.” “That’s why this will be a period of trial.” As Matthew was speaking, he stopped walking and turned to Thomas. “Inform the club to allow her to get off work at twelve.” “But she’s working part-time delivering takeouts every day. Won’t she continue doing that if she were to get off early?” Thomas reminded out of concern. After all, Veronica showed signs of miscarriage. Matthew subtly smirked. “Then that’s only going according to plan, no?” Since his grandmother explicitly disallowed him from laying a finger on her, an accidental miscarriage that was caused by herself wouldn’t affect him in the slightest. ... Roughly half an hour later, Veronica woke up. Still drowsy, she looked at the hanging pack of IV liquid and inquired the nurse beside her, “Is the surgery over?” “The surgery is over, but you’ll need to return for a week for your anti-inflammatory. After one month, you need to return for another checkup.” The nurse explained with an earnest look before sternly advising, “You’ve gone through an abortion, so do remember to stay on bed for three days, and no heavy work for two weeks. Smoking and consuming alcohol is strictly forbidden or you’ll have a puerperal fever, which may take away your capability to get pregnant again for the rest of your life.” Truth be told, the “anti-inflammatory” was merely an excuse for her to visit the hospital regularly to take in some anti-abortifacient. “It’s that serious, huh. Okay, then. I’ll be careful.” Veronica nodded. If she were to get barren at such a young age, surely no men would want her in the future. After calming herself down, she put her hand on her stomach as grief surged in her heart. It was her first child, and it was gone just like that. After having taken her IV liquid, Veronica got up to stretch her limbs and was surprised by how relaxed her body was. It was as if she didn’t undergo the surgery at all. “Nurse, why don’t I feel a thing at all, after the surgery?” Hearing that, the nurse deliberately avoided eye contact and responded with an awkward smile. “Surgical abortions are minor operations. Although you don’t feel any pain or itch, you should still get enough rest.” Finished, she handed Veronica a bag of medicines. “These are all you have to take. Instructions are written on them.” “Alright. Thank you.” After returning to her rented apartment, Veronica applied for a three-day leave from the club, to which the manager readily approved, and she couldn’t help but feel grateful. “That was easy. What a nice manager.” Back then, she applied for a three-day leave to stay at the Kings Residence, and it was easily approved. Now, she requested for another three-day leave, and her manager quickly granted it without any question. During her three-days rest at home, she would consistently send food to her foster mother in the hospital every day. She would even take her out for a walk to feel the sunkiss and give her unconscious foster father a massage. Other than that, she visited the hospital to take her “anti-inflammatory.” The rest of the time was spent resting at home, and she wouldn’t even dare to deliver takeouts. As such, all she did at home these days was swiping her phone. At that moment, she received a notification from the news application, titled ‘Horrendous Body of Wanted Criminal Found at Dock of Bloomstead.’ Reading the headline, she curiously pressed on it. In the attached photo of the article was a censored corpse, and beside it was the criminal’s previous mugshot. “This man... He looks so familiar,” she mumbled. All of a sudden, her eyes shot wide open as she immediately looked for the photos the private investigator sent to her a few days ago. She then compared the photo she received with the photo on the news. Dumbfounded at a realization, she sprung up from her seat. “It’s really him!” The dead man reported on the news was the driver who crashed into her foster parents’ car, the exact man who was rescued from the private investigator’s very hands!